

1826.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

1876.

SAMUEL W. AND SUSAN MARSH,

Hingham, December 3.

With hearty grip and welcome sweet,
This night we hither come,
To join our cheer with these old friends,
Now fifty years at home.
We'll not forget, but cherish yet,
The tender thoughts that cling
Around these fifty flying years,
And all the joys they bring.

Their many scenes have flitted past,
Their memory dwells behind;
And while we let the sad ones fade,
We'll keep the good in mind.
Oh, no, not yet will we forget
The pleasures or the tears,
Borne onward by the flowing tide
Of these swift fifty years.

The sorrows lie along the past,
The joys far onward reach;
We'll read to-night, by love's pure light,
The lessons that they teach.
Oh, no, not yet will we forget
These fifty circling suns;
Nor will we, as the hours glide on,
Forget the absent ones.

We joy that our dear Father's hand,
So tender, strong and true,
Which led them safely through the past,
Cares for their future, too.
We'll not forget, but cherish yet,
The tender thoughts that cling
Around these fifty flying years,
And all the joys they bring.